

## everytime we touch by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

Sparks, sparks, sparks, there are always sparks. Sparks and a kind of softness that makes her turn human once more, that makes eyes wide and back arch with the softness of it all. Always soft, soft, soft and always sparks. She thinks she kisses him back.

## everytime we touch

### Author's Note:

who's a title idk her

i got a meme on my rp blog asking me to rewrite the scene where eleven and mike kiss in more of eleven's point of view ? i guess lmao it was way too long so i decided to post it here njfmdk ( sorry for weird formatting btw ! i space it differently for my own reading accessibility; if anyone needs me to fix it just ask and i'll be happy to ! )

It's different. Tilts her head when he confesses it because she doesn't get it, doesn't understand. though in some way, deep down, she thinks does. She thinks she could because this is what she knows: she likes mike in a way she never could with someone like lucas or dustin. She understands that the butterflies that spark when he looks at her like this, all sunshine soft & lit with nothing but the moonlight & their beating hearts is not normal. different. She thinks she understands. still, she ponders further.  
' why ? '

Eleven doesn't know what love is. Only a screwed version of it in form of too long white lab coats and sticky heart monitors strapped to her forehead and eyes that are always watching, watching, watching. She doesn't know the meaning of the word, not truly, not for real, so when he mutters the word brother and how he can't be hers because it's different between them, not real love, she's hurt. Confused. Eleven knows mike is more than a brother. The word doesn't fit him right ; he's too wild, too sun - stained and holy that the term seems to fall from his shoulders in defiance. Brother does not fit *them*, because she's never felt like this (all soft and wild and **human** ) with anyone else, but what kind of love is there if not for the brotherly kind ? She doesn't get it, she doesn't understand! --- But he's hesitant, stuttering & blushing deep red, & there's still the butterflies, the softness, so she decides to push him.

"Mike ?"

( 'Yeah?' )

"Friends don't lie."

There's a deep breath and the moment seems to last an eternity. Mim, struggling to find words and her, *patient*, hanging onto every last breath: the two intertwined, suspended, into something holier than the two of them combined. Raise a brow, lean forward: you're pushing him to the edge, dear heart!

"Well, I was thinking... i don't know... maybe we can go to the snowball together."

Another word she doesn't understand. the moment suspended, put on pause, if for a moment, for her to ponder what he has offered in defense of himself. brows furrow, lean back.

"Snowball?" She almost wants to laugh at the sound of it: it's too *unfamiliar* on sharp tongue, too dull. on him it sounds right, sounds secure. looks to him for clarity, to make sure she's heard him right.

"It's this cheesy school dance where you go in the gym and dance to music and stuff. I've never been, but i know you're not supposed to go with your *sister*. ' he says it like an accusation, like something to be ashamed of. embarrassed. nose scrunches almost as if to communicate disgust, shakes head as if to rid himself of the thought. & her, innocence. doesn't understand the mind of a regular pre - teen boy, doesn't understand why that would be so wrong. still patient, still kind. ' no ? '

"Well, you can, but it'd be really *weird*."

And at this she's hurt. pulls back in surprise, blinking. weird. She knows this one. Has been whispered to her in form of *praise* as they make her go back to that place again and again, has been shouted at her from afar in form of taunting schoolchildren: weird, different, special. He continues before she can muster a response.

"You go to school dances with someone that — you know, someone that you like."

This catches her attention. eyes widen / she straightens. " a friend?" hopeful now, because at the very *least* she knows this to be true. It's different because they're friends, because he is her favorite person,

because they like her each. Friends. Bright eyes / hint of a smile taunting at edges of thin lips. Eleven is secure in this fact: above all, mike is her friend.

"Not a friend."

Not a friend, not a brother, and she thinks she's starting to get it now. He connects the dots by stuttering explanations, by blushing red and leaning in.

"Uh — uh ... someone like a — '

There's always been sparks with mike. they were fresh and shiny and new, the tags still left on, and there were always sparks. Never room for anything else, anything other than butterflies and beating hearts and sweaty palms and *sparks, sparks, sparks*. Still, eleven had never known this before. Her love for her papa wasn't true love, wasn't a hurt so good, do anything for you kind of love. She'd never experienced anything like this, never felt this kind of softness before. She doesn't know the signs, didn't know what to expect, so it comes as a surprise. Comes suddenly, without warning: his lips pressed firmly against hers in a fit of passion, it attempt to explain. And he kisses her. Sparks, sparks, sparks, there are always sparks. Sparks and a kind of softness that makes her turn human once more, that makes eyes wide and back arch with the softness of it all. Always soft, soft, soft and always *sparks*. She thinks she kisses him back.